



caillou

Book 1-2





Storyteller: Come on, it's story time, kids. Caillou doesn't look very happy. I wonder why? Today's story is called "Caillou Joins the Circus."



Caillou: Yee! Gilbert, I dreamed about a tiger. Daddy's taking me to the circus today. He promised.



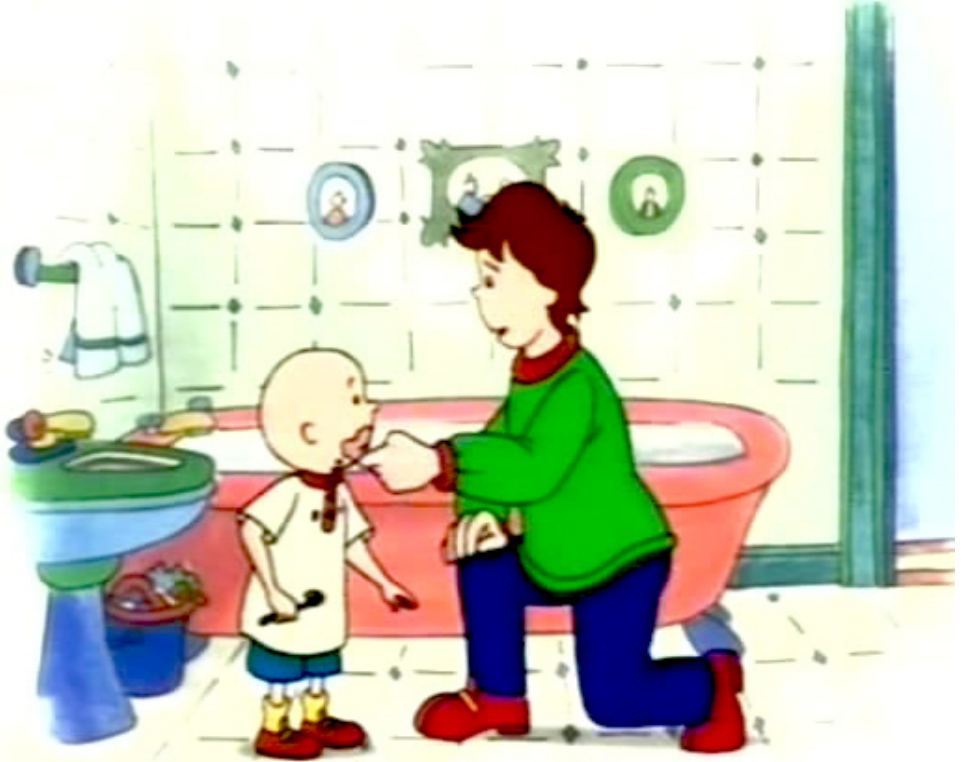
I'm getting dressed all by myself. Daddy will be so happy. Oops! Oh ouch! Oh, no. I forgot to brush my teeth. Look, I've got dressed all by myself!



Daddy: I can see that. And you did a very good job. But it's so early?

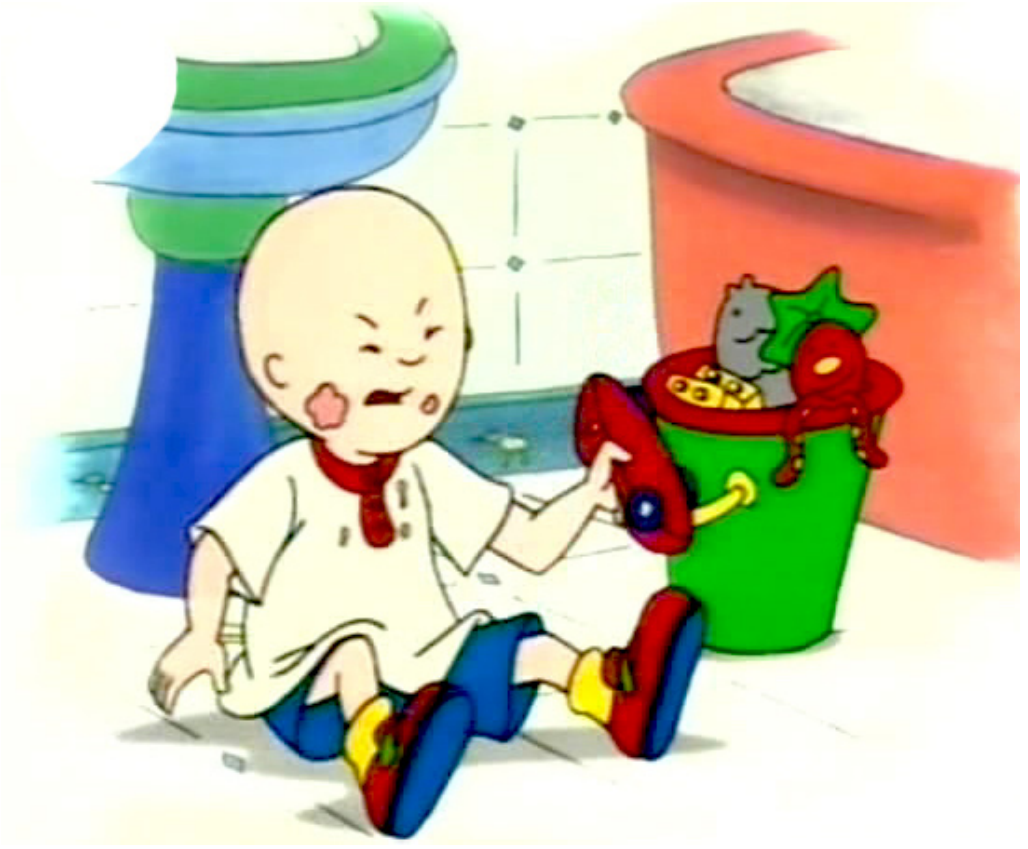
Caillou: I don't want to be late for the circus.

Daddy: The circus? Oh no, Caillou, that's not today. The circus isn't till tomorrow.



Caillou: No, no. it's today! I've got all dressed. It's today.

Daddy: Come on, Caillou, come downstairs and help me make breakfast.



Caillou: No, no, I don't want to! Silly old car, silly-silly-silly!

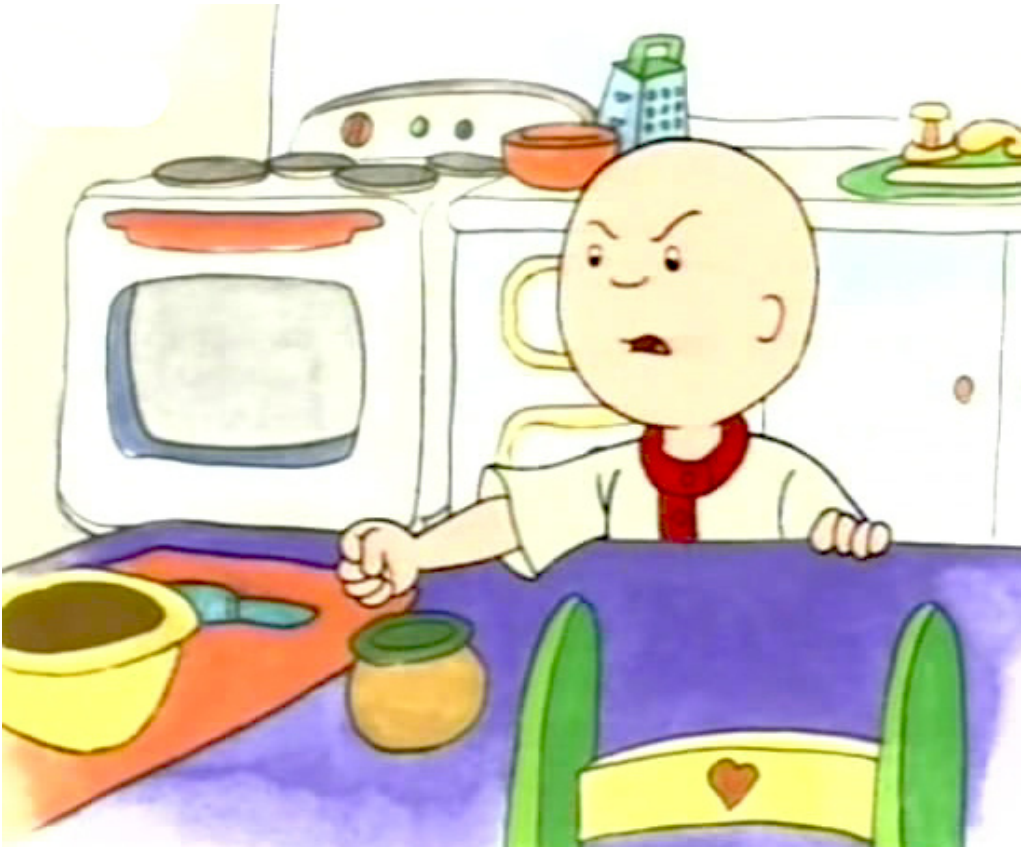
Storyteller: Caillou was in a very bad mood because he wasn't going to the circus.



Daddy: Caillou, stop all these racket. You woke up Rosie. I want you to come downstairs right now.

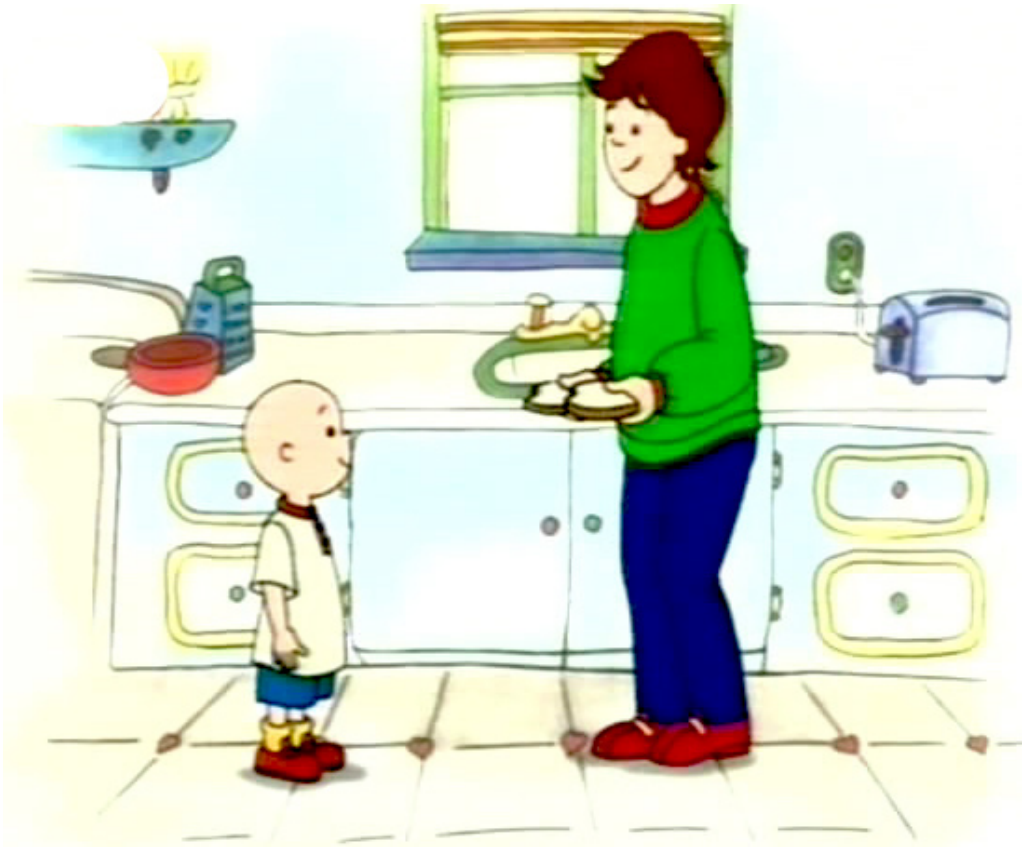
Storyteller: Even Caillou's Daddy was starting to get angry.

Caillou: Why can't I go to the circus? I want to go to the circus.



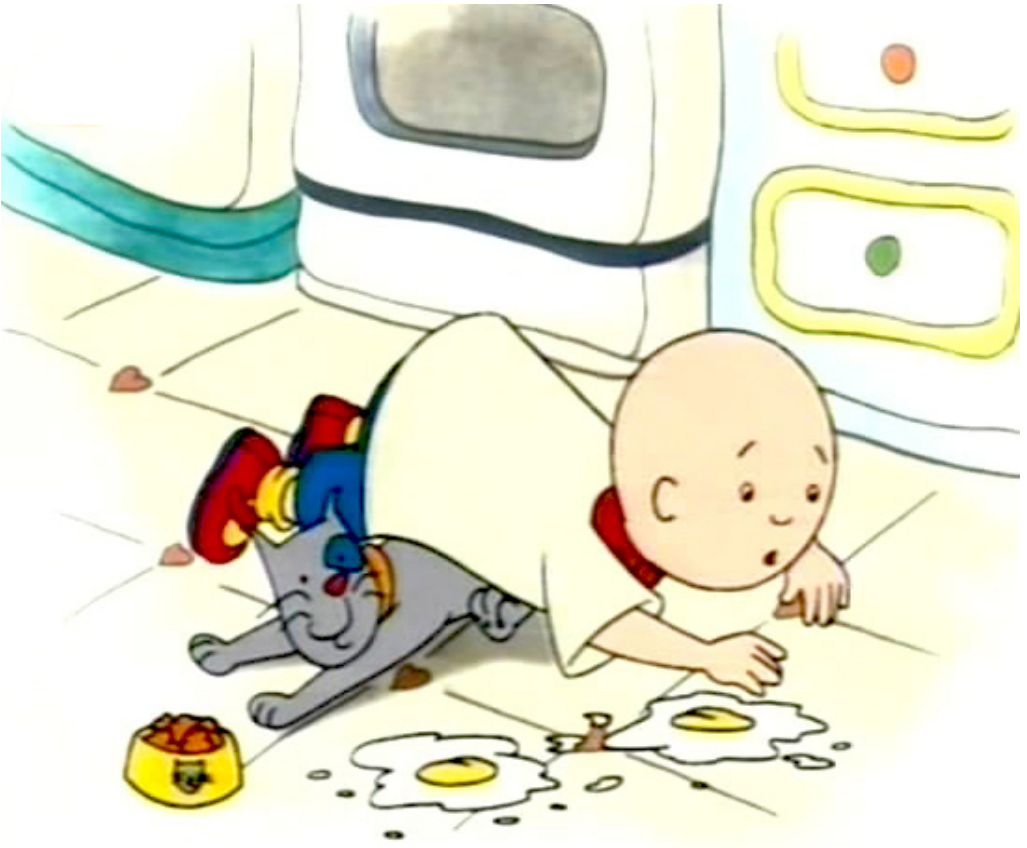
Daddy: Let's make toast. We can cut it into little duckies, like grandma does.

Caillou: No! I don't want to make duckies. That's for babies!



Daddy: Well, then, how about a circus breakfast? We can cut circus animals out of toast to have with our boiled eggs. But wait a minute. We're missing something, something that comes before the circus's animals. Now what could that be?

Caillou: A parade? A circus's parade?



Daddy: Of course. That's it!

Caillou: I can get the eggs.

Daddy: If you wanted scrambled eggs, you should have said so.....

Caillou: Not my fault.

Daddy: I know, Caillou. It wasn't anybody's fault. It was an accident.



Caillou: Daddy, the toast!

Daddy: Hot, hot, hot. Ouch, ouch, ouch.

Caillou: Ha-ha-ha. You can be in the circus, Daddy. You are a good juggler, ha-ha-ha!



Daddy: And Rosie can be the clown.



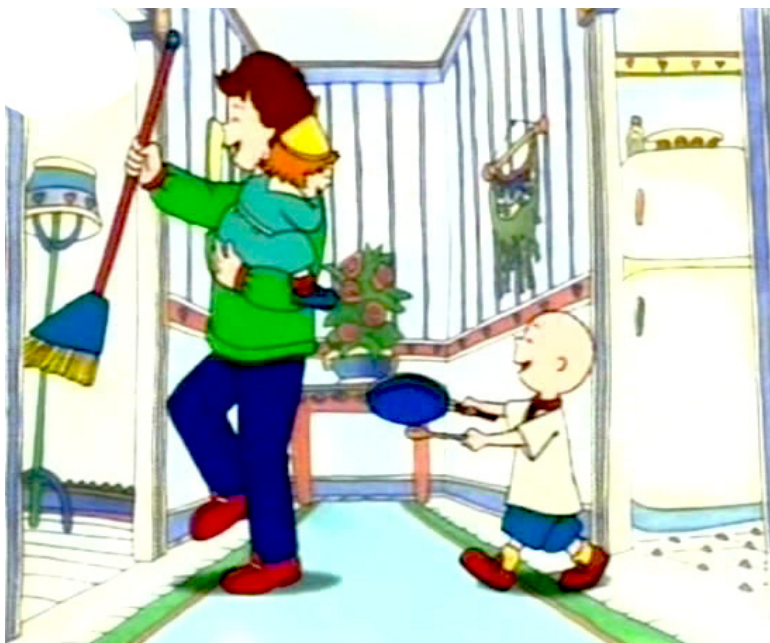
Mommy: Oh, what's going on here?

Caillou: We're having a circus. Do you want to be in our parade, Mommy?



Daddy: Oh, are you going to be the lady who rides on the horse?

Mommy: I don't think so, sweet-heart. I think I'll be the lady who marches back to bed.



感谢为孩子付出时间和精力，参与制作的父母们。

如果在阅读中发现文字错误，请回复到

爸妈网 www.ebama.net

我们会及时更正更新，谢谢。